

GOLDEN ARGOSY

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Vol. VI. No. 19.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 WARREN ST.,
PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888.

TERMS: \$5.00 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 279.



Jack Ray's Luck.

BY PERCY EARLE.

IT WAS A WILD RACE, AND BOTH HORSES FAIRLY SHOOK THE GROUND WITH THE MIGHTINESS OF THEIR PACE; BUT JACK GRADUALLY GAINED ON THE RUNAWAY STEED.

"Is this New York?"
"Well I rather guess so. What did you think it was? Punkintown or Wayback?"
The smart brakeman, in his becoming cap with the dazzling gilt band,

looked down at Jack Ray and grinned derisively.

"But nobody called out the name of the station," Jack ventured to reply in justification of his ignorance.

"Ha, ha, that's a good one!" laughed

the brakeman. "How would it look to you to have a sign painted on New York and it hung up the same as they do at Squedunk and Gouttown? Guess I'd better suggest it to the boarder." Jack realized that he was being gaged and hurried on, his heavy satchel sagging against his leg at every step.

"I don't think I'll consider a sign smart down at the city here," he said to himself, "but I'll bet that brakeman couldn't milk a cow. Now let me see what I've got to look out for on this street. No pockets, not get run over crossing the street and remember not to blow out the gas at night."

By this time he had emerged from the station into Forty Second Street, with its street cars passing and repassing, cabs rattling to and fro, and the ever-present recurring sash of arriving and departing Elevated trains overhead.

Jack tried hard not to appear distracted by this uproar, for he possessed a proud spirit, did this plainly dressed boy of fifteen. This was his first visit to the metropolis, no one to turn to for advice, for he had come to stay, that is, if he could find anything to do. Since the death of his Aunt Hetty, four days ago, the whole town of New York, he had been absolutely alone in the world.

For the two had never been comers to Sunway, so that when his aunt fell sick Jack had to inquire the name of the village doctor from their next door neighbor. It would have been different if he had stayed in the Old Country, where Jack was born, where his father and mother had died, and in which he knew everybody, from the minister down to the commonest milkmaid.

And now Aunt Hetty had died suddenly, without a will, and all her property would go to her brother, a crusty old New York merchant whom Jack remembered to have seen once, when he had taken occasion to remark to his sister that a snail, perhaps, do not ever expect that too head will amount to anything?

Jack never could forget that remark, and so to doubt, Mr. Cephus Ray, uttered in a careless way and never thought about again.

But he took time to help me, Jack had resolved, with all the independence of budding manhood.

So the day after the funeral he had packed his few possessions into a small bag which had brought them from East Midlands, left the key of the house with Farmer Green next door, and bought a ticket for New York out of the first class. Aunt Hetty had given him for a birthday present the day she fell ill. When it was discovered that there was no will, but that there were relatives living of nearer kin to the deceased than Jack, the doctor shook his head and said they ought to have been for.

"But there's only one, and he's a rich man in New York that doesn't want to have anything to do with us," answered Jack.

"He is the heir though and ought to be informed," replied the doctor gravely.

So, as Jack did not know his exact address, but thought he could find him by a personal search, he decided, as we have seen, to kill two birds with one stone, and set out next day. Mr. Cephus Ray, after seeking out some situation for himself in the metropolis.

Although Jack had never been in a large city before in his life, he had been a great reader of the newspapers and was therefore better posted in town ways and manners than the average visitor from the rural districts.

"I suppose the quickest way to find Uncle Cephus's store is to go across to that street and look up his name in the directory," he now decided, as he paused for a moment on the sidewalk of that busy thoroughfare already described.

"The plan having been put into execution he was soon in possession of the fact that the plate glass and mirror warehouses of Cephus Ray & Co. were at No. 127 Franklin Street."

"If you please, sir," he inquired of the clerk behind the counter, "will you tell me how I can get to Franklin Street?"

"Straight across Forty Second to Sixth Avenue, then down in the Elevated till you reach 127 to it."

The man rattled off this reply as if it

was part of a recitation, and then fixed a stony glare on Jack which said almost as plainly as words, "Now be off."

Jack did not linger, but hurried away as fast as his running bag would permit. Being naturally a quick-witted boy, he stopped to read the notice at the foot of the Elevated stairway when he came to it, and then, as the porter would take the up-town track for the down town one and make double stair climbing for himself, and within half an hour he was standing in front of Gray Implying, a two-story structure occupied by Messrs. Cephus Ray & Company.

"Excuse me, Mr. Cephus Ray?" he asked of the first man he encountered on entering.

"He was a young fellow in a belted coat and a pointed hat, and he was, when Jack spoke he started so with surprise that the pencil dropped out and fell to the floor.

Jack stooped, picked it up and handed it to him.

"Oh, thanks," he muttered. "And don't you—wanted to see Mr. Cephus Ray?"

The young man appeared to be incredulous.

"Yes, is he in?"

"Oh, er, yes, I think so, but what name?"

"Jack Ray."

The young fellow stared harder than ever on hearing this, then pursued up his mouth as if to give vent to a low whistle.

"Wait a minute," he said instead after an instant, and hurried off in the direction of a private office divided from the rest of the establishment by a glass partition.

Jack waited, leaning up against a post, and watching the busy movements of the porter and shipping clerks. He was wondering whether he would like a position here, provided his uncle who had never expected him to amount to anything was not at the office. First when the clerk finally came back, accompanied by a tall young man, scarcely as old as he.

He wore a shiny silk hat, an extremely high collar, sported a very long bang on his forehead and was gazing at Jack with a stare which it evidently caused him not a little trouble to meet in his right eye.

"Now, I saw, did you wish to see me?" he drawled. Jack looked up and the clerk went back to his duties.

"No," responded Jack bluntly. "I want to see my uncle, Mr. Cephus Ray." "Well, that's my name, don't you know?" returned the dude, making a grimace that dislodged the glass and being doubtless enabled him to obtain a more satisfactory view of this strange caller. Then he added: "You're the tall white headed beggar that used to live with my Aunt Hetty, ain't you? How'd you do?"

The young swell put out two fingers of his left hand, but Jack would not see them.

Perhaps he was too touchy or not versed sufficiently in city slang to know the harmless meaning of the epithet just applied to him.

"I'm no beggar," flashed back his reply. "I didn't come here for anything but to tell you that my Aunt Hetty was dead and that she didn't leave any will, so he is heir to the property. Here's the address of the Good morning, he can tell her about it. Good morning, and putting a scrap of paper into the soft, white hand of Cephus Ray, Jr., Jack looked at the clerk and said, "I'll hang up his bag hurried out into the street."

"I suppose that's the uncle's son and that he came out because I asked for Mr. Cephus Ray," he reflected, as he paused at the corner to wait for a chance to cross West Broadway.

At that moment he caught sight of a sign in a side window—"Boy Wanted."

He hurried to present himself as an applicant. It was a wholesale dry goods house, and almost the first question the manager asked was, "Do you live at home with your parents?"

"I haven't got any parents and I don't live anywhere just now," answered matter of fact Jack.

"We don't want any vagrants here," he said, and the prompt rejoinder, "You won't do."

Jack picked up this satchel, which seemed to have grown doubly weighty since this rebuff, and went out without a word. But his brain was full of thoughts, anxious ones.

After coming to the city he had cut out a list of tradesmen who advertised for boys in the paper, meaning to call upon them, and then, as the day came, he braced his errand at his uncle's. He had carefully prepared himself to meet all sorts of objections, such as his inexperience, his youth, his strange city ways, and the requirement of having parents to live with had not once crossed his mind.

"If they all want that, I might as well stop hunting for a place first as last," the poor boy told himself, as he stood once more on the sidewalk.

"But I won't be discouraged by the first failure," he resolved the next instant.

Knocking his bag on the pavement, he took out the well worn paper from which he had extracted the memorandum for the first time, and he read the advertisement headed: "Help Wanted, Male."

"I guess I'd better try this one," he decided, putting his finger over the following words:

BOY WANTED, about 15; must be good penman and correct at figures. Apply to Oriss Brothers, 307 Third Avenue.

"I'm not a penman, quite as good as Uncle Cephus any way, and I like figuring. They don't say anything about it's being necessary to have a father and mother, so I ought to stand a fair chance."

But alas, he had left out of his calculations the fact that he was in a class where thousands of other boys were eager for a situation as himself, and when some three quarters of an hour later he presented himself and his carrying bag at Oriss Brothers' grocery store, he was informed with emphatic brevity that the vacancy had been filled hours ago.

Poor Jack! His discouragement this time lasted longer, and he wandered along the street until he had almost chanced upon the quitting of the grocery, for two or three blocks without taking particular note of his surroundings.

He was thinking of what he ought to do next. The heavy bag had now become like so much lead to carry about.

"I don't know," he muttered, "but he might leave it when he first arrived for the reason that he wished to live near a place of business."

"I'll try one more store and then I must find a place to leave this satchel," he said to himself.

He took out his list again and selected the following:

BOY WANTED, 14 to 16 years of age; one living in the neighborhood preferred. Inquire at Bell and Brown's trimmings store, 83 Sixth Ave.

"I can accommodate them in one thing, any way," he told himself. "I can say I'll live anywhere that will suit them."

Pulling out a pocket map of the city he had been following, he discovered that he could make a short cut to Sixth Avenue by walking through a corner of Central Park, in the near neighborhood of the city hall.

But even the fresh green of the grass, the beauty of bursting buds and blossoms and the glad spring carols of the birds failed to inspire him with hope.

"Somebody's sure to have been ahead of me," he kept repeating to himself. "Don't see to what I'll have to come to stay, so I must try it on a new paper the first thing in the morning. But a day lost when you've only got three dollars to live on!"

The thought was never carried to a finish. A piercing scream interrupted it and the next instant Jack felt a rush of air and a blow on the head.

Looking up he caught a glimpse of a young girl on horseback rounding a curve on the bridge path which at this point crossed the park parallel with the path—and the next instant another young lady dropped from another horse and lay on the grass.

"Save Ethel Ray, Oh, save her, save her!" she cried.

As we have had occasion to remark already, this was a boy of quite a different impulse. In a second, the old bag was

on the grass beside the prostrate girl, who was not in the least hurt, while Jack was in her place on the horse, feeling more at home, side saddle though it was, than he had since leaving East Midlands, where the only riding on the farm had been his chief delight.

As he galloped off he caught a fleeting vision of a crowd tumbling along behind on a lonely street.

"He can look after the other one," he told himself, and bent all his energies to catch the girl before she came to a stop. What a race that was! Jack forgot all about "Help Wanted, Male."

That girl has lost her head, the horse knows it and she must stop, he muttered between set teeth, and then with heels, voice and hand urged his steed to his swiftest.

He was a magnificent beast, with arching neck and slender limbs, which latter seemed scarcely ever to touch the ground, so rapidly did they flash back and forth in the endeavor to overtake his mate.

And now the distance is lessening. To "If she will only keep her consciousness two minutes, a moment more," says Jack.

The Park is very quiet at this noon hour. The only horsemen to be seen are twice a policeman, who waves his arms in mute helplessness.

Closer and closer. Both horses fairly shiver in the madness of their speed, with the mightiness of their pace, and their heavy breathing sounds like the snoring of an engine.

Now the nose of Jack's steed is up with the flank of the runaway.

"It's all right. I'll stop him!" he shrieks at the top of his lungs.

Another instant and Jack's hand is on the bridle and his authoritative well trained tones are ringing out in command to the maddest, reckless horse.

For a moment there is no result. Both horses gallop on like the very wind.

But Jack is firm, determined. His muscles are braced, his hands are on the door exercise and work. He is accustomed to having the horses he speaks to obey him, and he is not to be denied now.

Gradually but surely the pace slackened, and at length the horses were brought to a stop.

Then the groom, who had all this time been vainly trying to catch up, appeared with anxious inquiries.

"What's happened?" he cried out, "is it kill intolerably ere?"

"No, but May?" gasped the girl, with her hand beginning to come back into her cheeks.

"She do be all right and wasn't hurt a bit, only scared to pieces about ye. A carriage with a friend o' your ma's in it came along and took her up, and here they are now."

"I do not know how to thank you," said the young lady now turning to Jack, who was patting her horse on the neck. "You must come and let papa do it for me. You do, and will you ride that horse down to the carriage? We don't live far away."

What could Jack say but that he would go? Ever since he had recovered and fallen off some distance back.

"I dropped my bag," he ventured to say. "I wouldn't like to lose it."

"I'll get it for you," said the girl, and stop for it, was the instant reply.

"Oh, Ethel Ray?" cried Mrs. Winfield at this moment.

"What a fright you have given me!"

Ethel Ray! Jack pondered over the coincidence of names as he rode behind her. Ever since he had recovered and fallen off in front of one of the handsomest mansions on Madison Avenue, and he saw the dude from Franklin Street as usual, he had been wondering at it.

But Miss Ethel was already calling to him, and Jack dared not disobey a lady.

He turned to the groom, and advanced slowly towards the stoop, on which by this time the head of the house, the very Duke of the place, had once caught a little too head, had now appeared.

"Why, if it isn't the young duffer that went off in a carriage, I'm glad to see you! I came up specially to talk to father about! Give us your hand, youngster. I was splitting my head wondering how we'd arranged to get you back, and here you're quite catch on to my ways this morning."

IN THE VALLEY.

BY F. R. HAYKRAL.

No valley but hath some mountain days—
 Bright summits in the prospective view
 And tall worn passes to catch prospects new—
 Fair sunlit memories of joy and praise.

[This story commenced in No. 275.]

Three Thirty Three;

or,

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Hair to White-
 cap," "The Dunford Boys," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALLAN'S SISTER.

"**M**UST I be the one to tell her?" was Arthur's first thought, after recalling to mind the fact that Allan's sister had been away for the past month visiting relatives in Albany.

He took off his hat and tried to smile as he shook hands.

"How long have you been here, or have you just come, or are you going back?" Agnes laughingly inquired, and did it quickly.

"Just where? You know you two boys always remind me of a pitcher and glass, and one seems lost without the other."

"I've just got here, and Al didn't come."

Arthur tried to speak in his usual voice, but his brain was so full of mysterious telegrams, and of the strange encounters, and the horror of seeing Agnes so unsuspectingly of what had taken place at home, that he felt he was making a miserable failure of it.

Agnes looked puzzled for an instant, then laying her hand on the arm of one of fourteen who had been standing beside her, she went on in her vivacious way:

"But here I am all this time, allowing you to suppose that I am wandering about at this hour of the night without an escort. Let me introduce my cousin, Talbot Trent, Talbot, this is Mr. Arthur Seymour, Allan's cousin. I know you've met him some time ago."

The two boys shook hands, while Agnes explained that she and her cousin had come down from Troy.

"And we stopped in the morning here to see about New York trains," she added. "You know I'm going home tomorrow. The first rehearsal of that great play comes off at the Deane's tomorrow night. And by the way, sir, I hope you haven't forgotten that you're our leading old man."

"I had, sure as you're insured," said Arthur, in a momentary return of his old, impetuous manner. Then, in a realization of the altered conditions under which the two principal roles—usurers Allan and his sister—would have to be played, if played at all, his face lengthened out again, and he dropped his eyes suddenly to the floor.

"There, I knew you two couldn't stay apart very long child, and some time you'd say 'broke four Agnes,'" broke forth Agnes, suddenly, as in following Arthur's quick glance she caught the gleam of the telegram which he held in his hand in such a way that the signature "Allan" was plainly visible.

Seymour crushed the dispatch into a crumpled ball between his fingers.

"About the half-way going back," he said, quickly. "I suppose it's too late to catch a train tonight."

"I'll wait half wildly about the waiting rooms, as if longing to escape. In short, he was so utterly unlike his usual merry, bantering self, that Seymour was quite at a loss.

"But you say you're just got here, and now you talk about going straight back?" he exclaimed, wondering.

"At this moment, Talbot, who had gone off to consult a time table, returned with the information that the first express down in the morning left at 9.55.

"That's about that, too, then, and have the pleasure of your company, I hope," said Arthur, with sudden determination. "Good night," and lifting his hat he hurried out into the street.

"Great Cress!" he muttered to himself, as he strode rapidly away, he neither knew nor cared in what direction. "To think that she doesn't know yet! But she is sure to find out this evening, poor girl, and I must do all I can to comfort her tomorrow. Now the question is where I am to stow myself for the night."

He had never been in Albany before, except to pass through it on his way to Saratoga or Lake George, but he was well acquainted with the names of the best hotels. He therefore inquired his way to the Delavan House, secured a room, and ordered dinner.

But in what a different frame of mind he set down to this request to that which he had fondly anticipated would be his when planning what great things were to be brought about by that telegram from Sing Sing, twelve hours ago!

"No proof that Beaver forgot that note!" he kept repeating to himself. "Father gone? What can it all mean? But there's no use in puzzling over it now. I'll know it all long before this tomorrow. It is exasperating thought, to have that Beaver slip through a fellow's fingers just as they were ready to close on him. After my narrow escape in trying to land him at Sing Sing, too!"

was leaving it. Two minutes later Arthur had secured a chair next that of his chum's sister. "All my plans have been upset lately," she explained. "Uncle Oscar—Talbot's father—expected to go home with me, but day before yesterday he was called away on business, and Talbot can't leave school. But they don't even know where I've been staying at home."

Arthur could not forbear giving a sudden start. This must be the reason why she was still in ignorance of that which all Brooklyn was now raving.

"Why, surely, they know you're in Albany, at your Aunt Isabel's. At told me you were."

"So I was till three days ago, when I went up to stay with my Aunt Harriet through an attack of rheumatism she had. She's a dear old lady, and lives in the sleepy little village near Troy. They have to drive six miles to the post office, and I don't believe a soul in the place ever took a daily paper. But it's quite enchanting to get out of the whirl like that once in a while, though I feel awfully behind hand in news. I dare say I've missed at least two letters from home. How are they all? You disappeared so like a jack in the box last night that I didn't get a chance to ask you. And there you go again."

York train, which had already begun to move out of the station.

He regained his chair, breathless, but with a smile of triumph, which did not escape Agnes's sharp eye.

"Will you please tell me, Arthur Seymour," she began, "what you mean by that? I don't want to be up to? I didn't say anything at the time, but I noticed the way you crushed that telegram up in your hand when I saw it, and I thought it. Then the idea of your coming up here and waiting to go straight back again, and now the mysterious condition in which you are sitting looking as sober as a judge, you pop off like a flash, and you come back and tell me that you have won a battle! All this means mischief. Now, sir, try and fess!"

"Poor Arthur! His first triumph was but short lived. Must be the one to break the awful news. No, he could not do it, he told himself, and that moment when Seymour came in with the cry of 'Papers—New York papers!'"

"Oh, Arthur!" exclaimed his companion, "I must have one, even if they are yesterday's." Before Seymour could decide how to prevent it, a daintily gloved hand extracted a nickel from a silk purse, and received in return a copy of the journal that Arthur had read the morning before.

CHAPTER XV.

ARTHUR BREAKS THE NEWS.

"H. O. come now, Agnes, you don't want to be read, with me here to tell you all the news, a shall feel quite offended."

Arthur had pulled himself together with the force of desperation, and with pretended playfulness took the paper from the boy while Agnes was paying him, and concealed it behind his back.

"Oh, well, if you're ready to talk and act more like yourself than you are, you might as well be a libel hatching some dark plot. I'd very much prefer it. Now begin, and tell me all about the Hercules Club entertainment night before last. Did Allan win the trophy for you, and was it a great success?"

Arthur groaned in spirit as he listened to these queries, and wondered how he could summon heart enough to answer them.

"Yes, of course Al broke the record, and—and the affair was a great success," he returned, with a vain attempt at enthusiasm.

"Now, sir, if you can't do better than that, you must hand over the paper," exclaimed Agnes, assuming an air of indignation. "Any reporter could have told me that the affair was a great success. I believe you got that phrase out of this very paper. I'm going to set for myself, and with a quick movement Agnes snatched the sheet from behind his back.

Arthur almost stopped breathing. Oh, why had he not broken the news for himself? He had not, and he allowed it to come to her knowledge for the first time through the pitiless channel of the public press?

But was it too late to prevent this? With a woman's true instincts, she had opened the paper to the center pages without glancing at the first one—where these glaring words, "Howard Trent Arrested," were staring Warren in the face—and began to run her eyes rapidly down the column of marriages and deaths.

At this moment Arthur's attention was arrested by a conversation that was being carried between two gentlemen on the other side of the car.

"Strange case that of Trent's, isn't it?" said one.

"Very," returned the other. "For my part, I think the Nevada governor ought to grant him a pardon. His life here in the States seems as if it has certainly been most exemplary."

"I don't know but I agree with you," responded the first, and it seemed as if these two decades of honest living ought to outweigh a small forgery of thirty dollars committed.

But Arthur could stand it no longer. Each instant he expected to see the pitiless channel of father would be spoken in a tone that Agnes could not fail to catch. He must try to drown the conversation across the aisle by one of his own.

"Oh, Agnes," he began, speaking as fast as he could, and as loud as he dared. "I hope



ARTHUR AND STEVE NORRINGWAY ASSISTED AGNES TO THE CAR.

It was after nine o'clock by the time Arthur finished his late dinner, and he was quite ready for bed. It seemed to him that if he had lived days instead of only some twelve hours since he had gone down to the breakfast table that morning and first learned the exact nature of the blow that had struck his friend. Long hours he lay awake, going over in his mind the changing and exciting scenes of the day, the last thing he thought of before becoming unconscious being the possibility of Agnes's not having heard the truth before he saw her again in the morning.

He slept late, so that it was fortunate the station was not far off.

He purchased a ticket, and hurried out to engage a drawing room seat.

"She can't have heard it yet," he thought, with a pang, as he caught sight of a pretty face, wreathed in smiles, gaily nodding to him from a window of the Seneca.

"I wonder if she's going alone?" he asked himself.

He boarded the Seneca just as Talbot Barr

For Arthur, happening to glance out at the station platform, and caught sight of a small, fat topped yellow trunk on a pile of baggage that he recognized as his own.

"Back in a minute," he called to Agnes, when he was half way to the door.

"I'm going to set for myself," he said to himself, "to have one more link in the chain tracing the whereabouts of this Jekyll-Hyde sort of man."

Springing from the car step he dashed after the load of trunks, and breathlessly called out to the porter: "If I'll here, will you let me see the check on that top trunk. I want to be sure—"

The man, thinking some nervous passenger was worrying about the railroad company's ability to look after its business, turned around, and good naturedly paused for an instant.

Arthur sprang forward, made a foolproof for his toe among the luggage, and stretching out a long arm, caught hold of the piece of metal attached to the Beaver trunk.

"Tenbrook Falls," he read, and then was forced to spring down and rush for the New

NATURE'S CHAIRS.

BY LORD BYRON.

Who can view the ripened rose, nor seek
To wear it? Who can gaze on life's beheld
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?

The Basket of Diamonds,

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAYLE WINTERSON.

CHAPTER V.

A BIT OF EVIDENCE.

THE little family, suddenly elevated to the highest pinnacle of rejoicing, were as suddenly precipitated into the deepest depths of despair.

Captain Ringboom seemed to be the greatest sufferer; at least he was the most violent in his demonstrations.

He blamed himself solely for the loss of the treasure, though it was really no more his fault than that of the landlady.

"I have lived in vain, for the greatest misfortune of my lifetime has been a failure!" gasped he, his heavy chest heaving with emotion.

"It was no more your fault than it was mine, my friend," interposed Mrs. Everton, moved by the deep feeling of her guest. "Though the coming of the treasure made us all happy, I forgot all about it when we went down to lunch."

"I have watched over that box as though it had been my only child since it was committed to my care by my friend; and now my carelessness for a moment has deprived the only child of my friend of the fortune that belonged to her. I shall never forgive myself for this crime," groaned the captain.

"But I forgive you," added Mrs. Everton, taking the hand of the captain, and doing her best to try to comfort him.

"And I forgive you, Captain Ringboom," added Hope, with a smile that ought to have brought peace to his troubled spirit.

"I don't deserve your forgiveness, either of you," replied the shipmaster, apparently relieved for the moment.

"I don't see that anybody has been to blame, for all meant well. We were all careless," interposed Rowly. "But it is no use to groan over it. What is to be done about it? The diamonds may yet be recovered."

"We shall never see one of them again," sighed the captain, looking into the bright eyes of the young man in search of hope.

The widow Everton tells him that the mortgage on her house is to be foreclosed, and her furniture attached for the interest. I brought salvation to her as well as to Hope in ridding herself of this young puppy. Now all lost."

"I don't think so," protested Rowly.

"Perhaps not, for I will do all I can to stave off the malice of this Colonel Sinerton. I have saved up something of my own, and I will stand between the widow and any harm that may come to her."

This resolution seemed to comfort the poorest man in the room more than anything else, and some calm came.

"I think we shall get the diamonds again," said Rowly, who had kept up a tremendous thinking since the discovery of the loss.

"I don't believe there is one chance in a hundred of our ever seeing one of them again," added the captain.

"If it is a fine haul the thief and he will take care to cover his tracks. He will leave for London or Paris, where there is a better market for such goods than on this side of the water."

"You don't suppose any ordinary thief has done it, do you?" asked Rowly.

"Ordinary or uncommon, some one has taken them. The rascal must have come into the house while we were on the stairs, and carried off the box. He may have followed me, believing I had something of great value in the box from the case I took with me."

"It was not taken by any such fellow," added Rowly, with so much decision that the captain and the landlady were startled by it.

"You seem to have an opinion of your own about this heavy robbery," said Rowly.

"I have a very decided opinion," replied Rowly.

"What is it, my lad," continued the shipmaster, beginning to be a little excited over the question.

"I believe that Rush Sinerton took the diamonds," said Rowly, in a very earnest tone. "The young cub that insulted Hope?"

"Yes, sir."

"But he went away two hours ago," suggested Mrs. Everton. "The box was on the table half an hour ago."

"If Rush went away, he came back again," replied Rowly, warmly.

"What makes you think Rush took the box, my lad?" asked the captain.

"He and his father were in the room when you told what was in the box. They heard you; and they were the only persons who knew anything about the diamonds."

"But Colonel Sinerton is a wealthy man, and his son could have no motive for stealing the treasure," suggested Mrs. Everton.

"I think he has a big motive," argued Rowly. "His father was going to drive you out of your home to punish you for making Rush give up his room."

"I think both father and son mean to ruin you if they can. The diamonds came in to block their way to this revenge, and Rush decided to get them out of the way."

"But they left long ago."

"I heard a noise in the hall when I went out for Hope; I did not think anything then, but at the time, but it looks to me now just as though Rush might have been in the house all the time. He

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It was time for him to go to the store, and he went there. He was busily employed all the afternoon; but when he went home to supper the newspaper boys in the streets were crying the "Great Diamond Robbery."

He bought a paper, and read the account of the affair to his mother. The value of the treasure stored was not given in figures, either because Captain Ringboom had not mentioned the amount, or because the officers doubted the truth of the statement made to them.

After supper he went to the house of Mrs. Everton before he took his evening nap, for he was to sleep at the store every night that week.

Captain Ringboom had taken the room vacated that afternoon by Rush Sinerton. He seemed to be quite at home in the little family,

"That is my thought," said the captain.

"It proves that the mark on the paper was made by some person who went to the table while we were at lunch."

"I should say you were right."

"And in my opinion the mark on the paper was made by the person who stole the diamonds," added Rowly, with more earnestness.

"Do you believe that Rush Sinerton was the one who stole them?" inquired the captain.

"That is my thought," said the captain.

"I will see the detectives about it tomorrow morning," replied Captain Ringboom.

Rowly put the paper into his pocket, and took his leave.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OPERATOR ON THE LADDER.

ROWLY PARKWAY went home at about seven in the evening. He went to his little room, and lay down to rest in spite of the excitement of the day, he was asleep in fifteen minutes.

The jewelry establishment of Messrs. Brilliant & Co. was one of the largest, if not the very largest, in the city of New York. The house bought and sold diamonds on a larger scale than any other.

The large force of clerks, porters, and others, were arranged so as to afford the fullest protection to the immense stock carried by the firm. Two of the employees were required to spend the night there, and each one of them was allowed to sleep, while the other visited every part of the establishment at least once in each half hour.

Patent registers, recording each visit of the one on watch, were placed in various parts of the premises to inform the firm the next day if the vigil had been faithfully kept. Wires connected the store with the nearest precinct of the police, so that assistance could be instantly called.

But in spite of all these precautions, several attempts had been made to enter the store. None but the most reliable of the employees of the establishment were intrusted with the duty of keeping the watch.

Two clerks remained till ten, when the youngest person to whom this duty had been assigned, and who had proved himself to be one of the most faithful and trustworthy in his intelligence as well as his watchfulness. Fortune had favored him.

In this place he had prevented a break on the part of the store. He had been so successful that he had been promoted to the position of head of the firm.

The head of the firm had decided that he would trust Rowly with the entire care of the property, so far as his honesty and good judgment were concerned.

Just before ten Mrs. Parkway called her son, and he left the house. In five minutes more, was at the store.

Two clerks remained till ten, when the two who were to spend the night there relieved them. The clock had not yet struck ten when he arrived, and he thought it would be better to go to the rear of the premises, from which a door opened upon a narrow street.

In this place he had prevented a break on the former occasion. Two pairs of heavy doors, armed with iron plates, protected the only entrance from the street. At least ten feet above the ground were four windows, not more than three feet high, of which the back part of the store was lighted.

When Rowly came in sight of the back of the store, he was surprised to find a ladder leaning against the wall under one of these windows.

He stopped, startled, and retreated close to the wall, so that he could not be seen if there was anybody there to see him. He was sure the ladder had not been there before.

He looked at the ladder, and then at the double door, were piles of boxes and cases, in which goods had been brought to the store. Keeping close to the wall, he went on his way in the darkness to the foot of the lad-

THE LISTENER MEASURED HIS LENGTH ON THE FLOOR, TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE OCCUPANTS OF THE ROOM.

and Hope was already on the best of terms with him.

Colonel Sinerton had already executed his threats, and a keeper of the furniture had been put in charge of the property; but the worthy shipmaster had given bonds for the payment of the debts, and the man had been sent away. He had also found one of his wealthy owners who was willing and even glad to take the mortgage on the house the next day.

Rush had taken away his trunk and books without even saying good by to the landlady, and he had not been in the house at the time, and he was an all sufficient protector for Hope and her mother.

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der. Then he discovered that there was a man on the ladder who appeared to be at work on the sash of the window.

"I got out of the ladder he stumbled over what proved on examination to be a pair of congress boots. He picked them up, and tossed them down. He was not a very good climber."

The man on the ladder heard the slight noise he made, and suspended operations. It was so dark that the glow from the candle on the table there was no lamp near the spot—that the observer could not make out what the man was doing.

Rowly retreated noiselessly a few paces, and a second position took him up in the wall where the fellow was above. While he was trying to peer through the deep darkness, he heard footstep after footstep back and forth, and at last he saw which had been placed with the open side to him, though most of them had covered.

"I could not see the man near to him, and he almost held his breath so that he should not reveal his presence."

"All right, Silky," said a voice near him; and Rowly knew that it was the passer by who had spoken. "No one anywhere near."

"I don't believe I can get this sash out," added the man on the ladder.

Rowly did not believe he could, either, for it was strongly fastened in its place on the inside.

"You must hurry up, for we should go in before the change of the moon comes. It is a pity to be on the ground. 'Can't you cut out the glass?'"

"What is it I am trying to do now; but my diamond don't work well, and makes a noise."

"In the pane big enough to let you in if you get the glass out?" asked the man below.

"I could dig enough to get my elbow in," answered the one on the ladder. "Don't stop there any longer, Blooks."

"That's the line," understood the name, resumed his walk, and passed the box where Rowly was concealed.

"Young clerk had had any doubt before he had done now in regard to the intention of the operator."

Rowly's hiding place, he crept for some distance in the opposite direction from that of the "pal," and then changed his mode of operations.

"We won't go home till morning," he sang, in a low tone, then he turned and he was heard at any great distance. He reeled so that he took the whole width of the street for his eyes, and when he was at the end of it he staggered against it with force enough to knock it over.

Rowly man upon it tumbled over the boxes, and came to the pavement, his fall making noise enough to attract the attention of the clerks in the street.

Silky, as Blooks had called him, picked himself up, and Rowly turned a short way and was away.

He saw that the fellow was feeling about on the pavement for his boots. He did not find them, and the noise on the street by the inside of the store, as they began to "unbar the back doors, alarmed him, and he suddenly took to his heels.

Rowly heard the steps of the pal, and he did not care to meet him. The operator on the ladder had gone the other way, and he followed him at the top of his speed.

In fact, he wanted to make the acquaintance of the pal.

The robber was a nimble fellow in the use of his feet, and he gave his pursuer all the time he took to do in sight of him, so saying nothing of overtaking him.

Rowly evidently realized that his rapid movements subjected him to suspicion in Broadway, where he led his pursuer, and he turned into the next street.

His feet plainly suffered for the want of his boots, and he halted his speed, so that the pursuer could trouble him with the need of them. He seemed to have turned himself, for he favored his right leg.

Rowly was so intent on watching the fellow that he paid little attention to the route he had taken.

Suddenly the robber halted and looked around him and behind him. Then he rushed into a dwelling house, and disappeared from the sight of his pursuer.

Rowly opened the door with a slight key, though he had scarcely the time to get it into the lock; at any rate, he left it ajar when he came out.

"Perhaps Rowly was imprudent, but when he saw that the door was not fastened, he entered the house."

Rowly did not enter a princely mansion in these days, and it was very large. It now appeared to have degenerated into a lodging house.

Rowly did not go far, but he went to the lower hall, but followed his man to the third floor. Just before he reached this part of the building, he noticed a noise and he halted to listen.

"One of the speakers he recognized the voice of—"

"Rush Sinner-ton, and went up a few steps higher."

CHAPTER VII.

THE HEELS OF RUSH SINNER-TON'S BOOTS.

"Is that you, Gunnywood?" asked Rush, as he approached the man Rowly had followed.

"The pursuer thought it was not Gunnywood, but Silky; but he knew that such people had as many names as a Spanish priest."

"You here, Rush?" returned Silky, rather coolly, as though he did not care to be interviewed at that moment.

"I could improve myself. I moved into the next room to yours this afternoon," replied Rush, who seemed to be more rejoiced to see his friend than his friend seemed to be to see him. "I was looking for you ever since four o'clock."

"I have been out of town all the evening," added Silky.

"This statement was what the listener termed a lie, and he just as much as to say he was not always called by such a harsh term."

The lie was not particularly astonishing; but Rowly had no doubt that the student who had been the student preparing for Columbia College was intimate with such characters as Silky.

"I am not sure that you have not," said Silky, "seen for nearly a week, and I came over to look for you just evening," added Rush.

"I am not sure that you have not," replied Silky, opening the door of his room, "I am not sure that you have not, and I will see you in the morning."

"But I have to go to the academy before you get up in the morning; and I want to see you for five minutes tonight," persisted Rush, as he followed his friend into his chamber.

Rush had ascended the stairs so that his head was on a level with the floor above him, and he could see that the student wore a pair of slippers and a pair of boots.

He was very anxious to know the subject of the conversation in Silky's room; but he was even more interested just then in the heels of Rush's slippers.

As the door of the student's room was wide open, there was nothing to prevent him from slipping a more potent weapon than the one he was using the peril he incurred, though he was considering very prudent in his movements, he

ascended to the floor above him, and he could see that the student wore a pair of slippers and a pair of boots.

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Before he turned his attention to the other boot, he could not help observing that the nails in the heel of the boot were not half as large as those in the heel of the other boot.

"I don't think I should like to have this boot discouraged him, for the paper had received the impression while lying on a cash carpet, so that the nails in the heel of the boot were not made that time."

Still confining his attention to the two wide spaces between the heel of the boot.

The nails in this were arranged as regularly as those in the last carpet. No wide space could be found between them.

He applied the boot heel to the paper; but that did not do it. The impression was not made by either of the boots.

But the low cut shoes on the heels all left the matter an open question in the mind of the student.

Rowly returned the boots to the place where he had found them, and he took the shoes to the table. The nails in the heels of them were even smaller than those of the boots. The card of the same maker was in them, and in neither could he find the two broad spaces between the nails.

For the first time he began to think that he had been mistaken, and that Rush Sinner-ton had not stolen the diamonds, after all.

He applied the heels of the shoes to the paper; but it was not to convince himself that the marks were not made by the shoes.

Returning the shoes to the place where he had found them, he crept softly out of the room, and he took the shoes to the table.

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wooden quarter you did; and the detectives will be here by the time you have eaten your breakfast tomorrow morning," said Silky, rattling off the words as fast as he could.

"You are all off, Gunnywood; I did not take the box, and I know no more about it than you. I did not take the box, and I know no more about it than you."

"I'll be back in a minute, and I'll be back in a minute, and I'll be back in a minute."

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A Disastrous "Tie Up."



"THERE, MASTER DOLPH, I WILL SEE IF YOU CAN DO ANY MORE MISCHIEF."



"ME WILL SEE."



JUST WITHIN REACH.



A CLEAN SWEEP.



ANOTHER CLEAN SWEEP.



"IT COMES HIGH, BUT I MUST HAVE IT."



"WHAT NEXT?"



"AH, A REGULAR BULL'S EYE."



EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

PATIENCE.

BY C. D. BRADLEE.

If we could know the meaning grand
In tears that come by God's command,
Then sweetly should we take the cross
And count as gain what seems a loss.
Only let us wait and pray,
And out of night will come the day,
Which shall lead him from human sight
Who crowns our brows with holy light.

(This story commenced in No. 279.)

Mr. Malgrove's Ward;

OR,

LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED.

Author of "Reginald Cruden," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A LINK TO OLD TIMES.

AS SOON as he had read it, Jeffreys pitched off his letter contemptuously into the grate. He was not much of a man of the world, but he could read through the lines of a poor fellow like this.

Scarfe, for some reason or other, did not like to tell the Kimbolts himself, but he was a most anxious they should know, and desired Jeffreys to do the dirty work himself. There was something almost amusing in the blindness of the suggestion, and had the subject been less personally grievous, Jeffreys could have taken a scoff at the whole business.

He sat down on the impulse of the moment, and dashed off the following:

DEAR SCARFE: Would it not be a pity that your sense of duty should not have the satisfaction of doing my share, instead of being left to me to do it for you? I may be all you say, but I am not mean enough to rob you of so precious a jewel as the good conscience of a man who has done his duty. So I respectfully desire your invitation, and am, Yours and friend,

J. JEFFREYS.

Having relieved himself by writing, he took the note up and tried to forget all about it.

But that was not quite so easy. Scarfe's part in the drama he could forget, but the question of him, not for the first time, had been any night to be trusted, and by some of the most respectable and pensive. Was he not sailing under false colors, and pretending to be something he was not?

True, he had been originally engaged as a librarian, a post in which character was accounted of less importance than scholarship and general proficiency. But he was more than a librarian now. Circumstances had made him the mentor and companion of a high spirited, honest boy. Was it fair to Percy to keep a secret that would certainly shut the doors of Wildtree against him forever? Was it fair to Mr. Kimbolt to accept this new responsibility without a word? Was it fair to Raby, who would derive from him his denaturation, did she know the whole story?

Scarfe would have been amply satisfied had he been present to note the disquietude which ensued for some days after the arrival of his letter. Jeffreys felt uncomfortable in his intercourse with Mr. Kimbolt; he avoided Raby, and even with Percy he was often unconsciously nervous.

One day, finding himself alone with Mr. Kimbolt, the library was suddenly resolved then and there to speak out.

"Oh, Jeffreys," began Mr. Kimbolt, "I am very anxious to get the affairs of the library straightened out, and I should be glad to have all square before we start."

"I have no doubt that you can be gone through before long."

"I should like you to come to town to," said Mr. Kimbolt. "Percy sends great store by your company; besides which, there are some very important book sales coming on in which I have your share."

"I had been going to ask you—" began Jeffreys, feeling his temples throbbing like two anvils.

"Oh, by the way," interrupted Mr. Kimbolt, taking a letter from his pocket, "did not you tell me you were at a school called Bolsover?"

"Yes, indeed, Jeffreys, wondering what was coming."

"Very tall. I have a letter from an old Oxford acquaintance of mine called Frampton, who appears to be headmaster there, and whom I have never heard of for about sixteen years. He is fond of books, and writes to ask if he may come and see the library. I've asked him

to stay a night, and expect him there tomorrow. I say you will be glad to meet him. Perhaps he knows you here?"

"No, I don't think so," said Jeffreys.

"Ah, then I dare say you will be glad to see one another again."

Jeffreys was considerably staggered by this unexpected announcement, but it relieved him of all present perplexity as to speaking to Mr. Kimbolt of young Forrester. He would at least wait till Mr. Frampton came, and put himself in his hands.

Mr. Frampton was taking a three days' run in the Lake country during a term holiday, and determined to do and see all he could, had decided to visit his old college friend, and look over the new faculty of Wildtree Library.

His surprise at meeting Jeffreys was very considerable; and at first it seemed to the omnivorous pupil that his old master was shy of him. This, however, was explained as soon as they were alone, and had to do with the seven pounds, which had burned holes in Mr. Frampton's pockets ever since he received them, but which, not knowing Jeffreys' address, he had never been able to return.

"I was never more pained than when I received this money," said he. "Your grandson was written to by the clerk in ordinary course, but I never imagined the bill would be passed on to you."

Then Jeffreys unfolded his present uncomfortable dilemma, and his intention of speaking to Mr. Kimbolt, and they talked it over very seriously and anxiously. At last Mr. Frampton said:

"Let me speak to Mr. Kimbolt."

"Most thankfully I will."

So Mr. Frampton spoke to Mr. Kimbolt, and told him frankly all there was to tell; and Mr. Kimbolt, like a gentleman who knew something of Christian charity, joined his informant in pitying the offender.

"Jeffreys," said he, the day after Mr. Frampton's departure, "your friend has told me a story of yours which I heard with great sorrow. You are now doing that that an honest man can do with God's help, to make up for what is past. What I have been told does not shake my present confidence in you in any way, and I need not tell you that not a single person in this house beyond yourself and me shall know anything about this unhappy affair."

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. KIMBOLT TAKES HER MIND.

JEFFREYS STARTED FOR London with a lighter step than he had known since he first came to Wildtree. When he contrasted his present sense of relief with the oppression which had preceded it, he marvelled

The chief portion of Jeffreys' time, however, still belonged to Percy, and it was a decided relief to him that the young gentleman scoffed at and eschewed the endless hospitalities and entertainments with which his mother endeavored to keep him up to the mark.

On the day before Scarfe's proposed visit, Walker accounted him with the announcement that his lady would like to speak to him in the morning room.

This rare summons never failed to bring a groan from the deputy to the library spirit, and it did now as he proceeded to the torture chamber.

The lady was alone, and evidently burdened with the importance of the occasion.

"Mr. Jeffreys," she began, with a tone of half conciliation which put up Jeffreys' back far more than his usual severe drawl, "kindly take a seat; I wish to speak to you."

"It's all up with me," groaned the unhappy Jeffreys, inwardly, as he obeyed.

Mrs. Kimbolt gathered herself together and began.

"I desire to speak to you, Mr. Jeffreys, in reference to my niece, Miss Atherton, who, in her father's absence, is here under my protection and parental control."

Jeffreys flushed up ominously.

"It does not please me, Mr. Jeffreys, to find you, occupying your time, as you are so dependent in this house, so far forgetting yourself as to consider

those of the opposite sex, in the various different perspective positions which justify you in having communications with Miss Atherton other than those of a respectful stranger."

Jeffreys found himself involuntarily thinking this elaborate sentence would make an interesting exercise in parsing for the head class at Galloway House. He barely took in that the remarks were intended for him, and, to all, and his abstracted look apparently disconcerted Mrs. Kimbolt.

"I must request your attention, Mr. Jeffreys," said she, severely.

"I beg your pardon, I am all attention."

"I am quite willing to suppose," continued she, "that it is ignorance on your part rather than intentional misconduct which has led you into this; but from henceforth I wish it to be clearly understood that I shall expect you to remember your proper position in the house."

"Miss Atherton, let me tell you, has no reason to be jealous of you. You perfectly understand me, Mr. Jeffreys?"

Jeffreys, however, still rather abstractedly,

"You do not reply to my question, Mr. Jeffreys."

"I perfectly understand you, madam."

"I trust I shall not have to speak to you again."

"I am not," said Jeffreys, with a fervor which startled the lady.

The proposal, however, outraged, insulted, sorely tempted to shake the dust of the place once for all from off his feet. The evil temper within him once more asserted itself as he flung himself into his room, slamming the door behind him with a force that made the whole house vibrate.

The narrow room was so uncomfortable, it stifled him. He must get out into the fresh air or choke.

On the doorstep he met Mr. Kimbolt, who had just arrived from his brougham.

"Oh, Jeffreys, so glad to have caught you. Look here, I have put a note in your box to-night and tomorrow, and I intended to write to Exeter to attend that four days' sale of Lord Waterford's pictures."

"You are going to go for me. You have the catalogue we went through together, with the lots marked which I must leave. I have put a note in your box, and the others must be mine at any price—you understand. Stick at nothing. Take plenty of money with you, and be as comfortable as things comfortably, and I will give you a blank check for the books."

The proposal was an opportunity to Jeffreys. He was in the humor of accepting anything for a change, and he was not averse to the responsibility it involved, containing as the excitement which suited with his present mood.

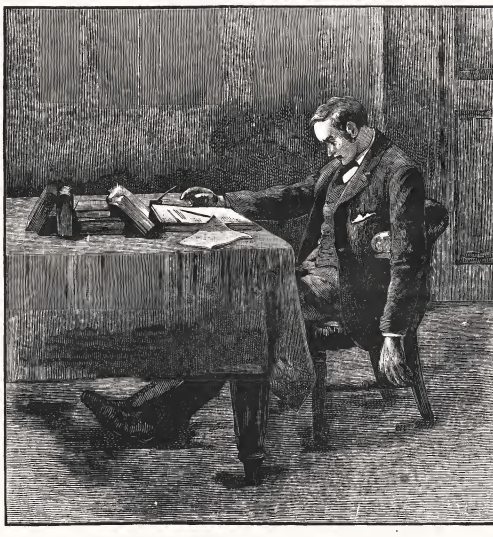
He went down to Exeter that night, trying to think of nothing but Lord Waterford's books, and to forget his Raby, and Percy, and Mrs. Kimbolt, and Scarfe.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ADRIAT AGAIN.

SOON after Jeffreys' return, business called Mr. Kimbolt north for a few days. One of the terms of his engagement was that he was to be in London.

Percy and Raby were out, and Jeffreys had shut himself up in Mr. Kimbolt's study to write a letter was delivered by the postman,



JEFFREYS REMAINED SITTING AT THE TABLE STUNNED AND STUPEFIED.

Jeffreys had nothing for it but to take the money back, much as he disliked it. Until he did so, Mr. Frampton was too obliging to be approachable on any other subject.

The morning after his arrival they went up Wild Tree together, the first time Jeffreys had been on the mountain since the death of Julius. They had a fine day and no difficulty; but the long talk which beguiled the way amply made up Jeffreys for the lack of adventure.

Mr. Frampton told him much about Bolsover, and then began to ask him about himself, and got from him a full account of all that had befallen him since he left school.

Mr. Frampton was a most sympathetic listener, and the poor "dog with a bad name," who had almost forgotten the art of speaking, found his mind full to any one, warmed insensibly to this friend as they talked, and reproached himself for the pride and shortsightedness which had induced him to shut himself out from his friendship.

Then they talked of the school and of young Forrester. Mr. Frampton made no attempt to gloss over the wickedness of that unhappy act of passion. But he showed how fully he made allowances for the poor blundering offender, and how he, at least, saw more to pity than to upbraid it in all.

He knew nothing of young Forrester's fate. He had seen in the papers the notice of Captain Forrester's death from which he had learned before he had a letter of inquiry as to his son's whereabouts, and to whom he had written telling all he knew, which was but little.

how he could ever have gone on so low dishonestly nursing his wretched secret under Mr. Kimbolt's roof, in the face of reaction of relief, he was tempted to believe his good name was really come back, and that, Mr. Kimbolt having condoned his offense, the memory of Bolsover was canceled.

The Kimbolts house in Clarges Street was, to Jeffreys' mind, not nearly so cheerful as Wildtree. The library in it consisted of a small collection of books, chiefly political, for Mr. Kimbolt's use in parliamentary work; and the dark little room allotted to him, with its lockout on the news, was sadly indeed compared with the chamber at Wildtree, from which he could at least see the mountain.

Nor did he by any means enjoy the constant round of entertainments which went on in London, at which he was sometimes called upon in a humble way to assist. He had been obliged, in deference to Mrs. Kimbolt's broad hints, to buy a dress suit, and in this he was expected on occasions to present himself at the end of a grand dinner party, or when Mr. Kimbolt required his professional attendance.

For there being no books to take care of here, Mr. Kimbolt availed himself of his librarian's services as a private secretary in some important political business, and found him so efficient and willing that he proposed to him a considerable increase in his salary in consideration of his permanently undertaking a good share of his employer's ordinary correspondence.



The Fooler

Fooled.

A FIRST OF APRIL TRAGEDY.

FINGER POSTS TO FAME.

Never despise the day of small things. A glimpse of something passing on the street through a window or the careless reading over of a scrap of paper picked up on the sidewalk, may suggest an understanding destined to make your name famous.

Many men, says a writer in the New York Star, have been drawn to their destiny by the most trivial occurrences. Fenimore Cooper became a novelist through his wife's challenge. One evening, while reading a novel, he threw it down, saying: "Let me see you do it," said his wife with a smile. In a few days he had written several chapters of "Preston," which, when finished, he published at his own expense.

The novel attracted little attention; but it gave Cooper an inkling of his capacity for story writing, and "The Spy," his best novel, appeared so strongly to the patriotic sympathies of his countrymen that it became a great success.

Hardwitt, too, was induced to write the "Scarlet Letter" by a remark of his wife.

A WHOLESALE REBURY.

Mrs. Brown—"You told me that if I left my tablecloth out all night the fruit stains would disappear. Well, I put it out last night."

Mrs. Jones—"Of course the stains were gone in the morning."

Mrs. Brown—"Yes, and so was the tablecloth."

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For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Biliary, Watery Diarrhea, &c.

Almon as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, are very fond of it. It stimulates the appetite, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood, in fact, rejuvenates the whole system.

FLESH, BLOOD, NERVE, BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to other preparations of pure Cod Liver Oil. It has many ingredients, but no harmful results. It is the result of the most careful and scientific consultation. Be sure, as you value your health, and mind the quality of the medicine.

WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

**ALL STYLES IN THE AMERICAN CYCLES
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE
ON APPLICATION.
GORMULY & JEFFERY
INC.—MFG. CO.—
CHICAGO, ILL.
BRANCHES IN THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN AMERICA**

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Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the purpose of their U.S. and COFFEE TEA, Green Tea, and White Tea, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA, 40 and 50 cents per pound with \$10.00 in silverware. Decorated TEA SETS of 44 & 56 pieces with \$12.00 and \$15.00 silverware. SWISS WATCHES with 817 orders. GOLD BAY STATE PAINTS CO. Custom Co. 34 Haverly St., Boston, Mass.

Send us your address and mention this paper, we will mail you our Club book containing complete list of Free List. Write to CHINA TEA CO., 25

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE
SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1890.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

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"Used Up,"

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and make the weak strong.

"For nearly three months I was confined to the house. One of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia failed to discover the cause of my trouble or afford relief. I continued in a bad way until about a month ago when I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acted like a charm. I have gained flesh and strength and feel ever so much better. Shall continue using the Sarsaparilla until completely cured."

—John V. Chaven, Salem, N. J.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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We want active and intelligent men or women to represent us in each town. Those who are willing to work for large profits. Cooker and Oiler Free. Write to Mr. CASTLE & CO. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Monitor this Paper.

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We serve abashed buyers as well as if they were in the store.

If you would have your BOYS and GIRLS clothed in the latest New York styles, at the least cost, write to us for particulars.

We have made up for this season a line of

BOYS SUITS AT \$5.00

that are especially good value; they are strictly ALL WOOL; seams sewed with best quality silk; cut in our superior styles; fit just as well as the finest grades; and guaranteed to give satisfactory wear. 60 & 62 WEST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK.

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"When the wind blows your fire, it's useless to tire yourself." About half of your toil can be avoided by the use of

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It doesn't matter how tired to talk about the merits of Sapolio. Thousands of women in the United States thank us every hour of their lives for having told them of Sapolio.

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is a serious thing. It is often the forerunner of Consumption and death. Those attended to in the beginning, it is apt to bring on some complication or other from which the patient may experience much suffering. Never allow a cough or a cold to run its head without attending to it. Mack's Extract is mild and natural, and the thousands of coughs and colds that have yielded to this remedy give it a prestige which is not even approached by all the so-called cough remedies that have been in the market for a lifetime. No person who tries

MAGEE'S EMULSION

for a common cold or cold will ever use another bottle of those sickening cough balsams or cough killers.

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is immediately relieved, and speedily cured by Magee's Emulsion. The irritation of the bronchial tubes is soothing and healing. The inflammation is quickly made subside, and every trace of the disease soon disappears.

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